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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

OCTOBER 1924

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Funk

BY ALICE SOPHIA JACKSON

"HOW late the boys are," said Phyllis Woodcock, a tall girl of fifteen, as she seized the large teapot and prepared to pour out tea in the schoolroom at Oaklands Lodge.

By "the boys" she meant her twin brother, Tim, and a schoolfellow, Gerald Fairford, otherwise known as Jinks, who was spending the Christmas holidays with them, his people being in India. There were three other girls and a small boy already seated round the table, when the door opened and Tim came in, with a scowl on his usually good-tempered face.

"Why are you so late?"

"Where's Jinks?"

"Did you see any fish?"

Such were a few of the questions hurled at him, in reply to which he growled, as he flung himself into a chair: "Can't you let a fellow have his tea in peace? Jinks is all right. Do you think I've drowned him?"

Certainly Tim was out of temper, so Phyllis frowned repressively at the others, and they all relapsed into a puzzled silence until the arrival of Jinks, a thin, wiry fellow, with black eyes and hair. He also was rather quiet, but did not seem so cross as Tim; and after tea was quite ready to join in a game of Slippery Ann with the younger members of the family. Tim shook his head moodily when invited to play, and disappeared as soon as they began their game, followed very soon after by Phyllis, who found him knocking the balls about in the billiard-room.

"Tim," said Phyllis, "what's the matter? Have you and Jinks quarrelled?"

Tim shook his head, and seemed at first as if he had nothing more to say; but the habit of telling his twin everything was too strong for him, and after a minute or two's uncomfortable silence he broke out: "Look here, can you keep a secret?"

"You know I can," she said indignantly. And he nodded with confidence and then went on,—

"Well, you must promise not to breathe a word to anybody, but—" There was a pause, and then he blurted out, "He's a funk, a beastly funk."

"What! Jinks a funk?" she cried, aghast at this terrible accusation. "But how do you know? What did he do?"

"I'll tell you," said Tim, throwing down his cue and flinging himself into a chair. "You know we went out for a walk this afternoon, and we went through the woods and over the bridge and all along the Bramthorpe side of the river till we got to the viaduct." Tim pulled up short, and Phyllis felt sure that the bad part was coming now.

"Did everything go all right up to then?" she ventured.

"Yes, we'd a ripping time," said Tim, half regretfully. "You know Jinks is an awfully amusing beggar when he likes; kept me in fits of laughter all the time. Well, we got to the viaduct, and scrambled up on to it and then began to go across. I was in front, and of course I thought he was coming along all right just behind; but when I got over I looked back and there he was, quite at the beginning, hanging on to a rail. So I thought he must have hurt his ankle or something, and I sang out, 'What's up? Aren't you coming?' and he shook his head. So I went back, and then I found he'd got the wind up most frightfully and was shaking from head to foot with sheer funk. I told him you'd been over often and Rita and May, and even little Dick, but it didn't make a bit of difference; he just stuck there shuddering and looking a sort of pale green."

"The viaduct is awfully high, you know," said Phyllis in an apologetic tone. "I know I've felt dizzy myself at that bit where the planks are so far apart and you can see right through to where the river is rushing so fast over the rapids, and the rails are very low."

"You're a girl," said Tim briefly, as if that quite explained everything. Then he went on savagely, "I argued and argued with the beggar and offered to carry him across on my back, but he wouldn't let me. So at last we had to come all the way back by the Bramthorpe side again. And I thought he was such a decent chap, a thorough sportsman, At cricket and footer, but all that only seems to make it worse. I shall never feel the same to him again. I shall always be remembering how he looked on the viaduct."

And indeed it was soon plain enough to every one at Oaklands Lodge that Tim and Jinks were not the chums they had been; and this seemed somehow to spoil every one's pleasure, so that it was a great relief to all when Arnold, the eldest son, who had been on

a visit ever since term ended at Oxford, came home.

The very day Arnold came home the great frost set in, with such severity that in a few days the lake was declared by those in authority to be safe—"All but the top end," said Arnold, when announcing the splendid news to the excited schoolroom party. "It will be a day or two before that bears under the ash; so mind, no one is to go past the bend."

There was a chorus of "All right," and soon the whole party streamed across the park, with skates and hockey clubs, to the lake, where they were joined by a number of young friends; and before long a furious game of hockey was in full swing.

Tim and Jinks were on opposite sides; both boys were good skaters, but Jinks was the swifter of the two, and somehow they seemed always to be coming into collision. Arnold was captain of Jinks's side, and Frank Morton, a young sailor, of Tim's. It was a very close game, and the score stood at one goal each when Tim thought he saw a chance of making one; he slipped past Arnold safely, and now there was no one between himself and the goal but some excited girls, who had more enthusiasm than skill. He would go just a little farther, he decided, and then have a good whack at the goal. But suddenly he became aware of Jinks speeding along to overtake him; so he made a great spurt, then stopped dead in his tracks and raised his hockey stick aloft for a mighty blow, but at the critical moment Jinks dashed up at such speed that he was quite unable to check himself and both boys fell in a tangled heap, while Frank from behind them shot the goal. Jinks was up again in a moment; not so Tim, and when at last he did pick himself up he looked so white and shaken that it was plain something was wrong.

"Hurt my wrist a bit," he said curtly, in answer to those who pressed round him. "It's only a sprain." And he skated slowly towards the bank, pretending not to hear Jinks saying contritely,—

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap. Can I help you?"

But Arnold came up, and seeing that the boy was evidently in great pain, took off his skates and went home with him.

The doctor pronounced Tim's wrist to be very badly sprained, and put it into a splint. It was his right wrist, too, which made it much worse, he thought. He got no sleep that night, the pain was too severe; and all through the long hours he kept brooding over the fact that it was Jinks who had spoilt all his fun, Jinks to whom he owed all this pain. "What did he want to barge into me like that?" he kept saying to himself over and over again. "I believe the

beggar did it on purpose." And he felt as if he hated Jinks, his best chum.

Every one was sorry for poor Tim the next morning, and Phyllis begged him to let her stay at home with him; but he refused her kind offer ungraciously, and watched the whole party start for their skating with a dull resentment. His mother wanted him to lie on the sofa in her sitting-room and try to get a little sleep, but it was such a bright, sunny day that he felt he could not stay in; and, after promising faithfully not to set foot on the ice, he dawdled wearily down to the lake.

There was no hockey going on that morning, for Arnold and the bigger boys had been invited by Frank Morton to skate on the lake in his father's grounds; so when Tim got down to the ice he found only the girls and their friends, and a few small boys. Tim looked about to see if Jinks had gone with Arnold, and not catching sight of him anywhere, decided that he must have done so. "Having a high old time of it, I'll bet," said Tim to himself, "while I've got to stay behind and skulk about in the cold by myself, and all through his fault." But just then a wild howl from behind him, greeted by shrieks of laughter from all the youngsters within reach, made Tim turn round and behold Jinks capering along with an enormous chair on his head.

"It's Cookie's own most sacred chair," he gasped, as he reached the lake side and dumped it down, "and I had no end of a job to wangle it out of her. Come on, Snipe," he went on persuasively to Tim. "Let me take you for a spin round the lake. I won't spill you—honour bright, I won't."

Tim hesitated, looking at the laughing, friendly face of his chum, and almost decided to yield and have some fun with old Jinks, who, after all, it seemed, had not gone off with the rest. But at that moment his injured wrist gave him a bad twinge and reminded him of his bitter grievances; so instead of saying "Yes," and going off for a delirious and risky ride, he humped up his shoulders and growled,—

"All jolly fine for you. I don't want to get smashed up any more."

Jinks's eyes flashed, and for a moment he looked dangerous. Then he turned sharp round and shouted,—

"Now then, you kids, who wants a ride in my Rolls Royce? You just wait till I get my skates on, and then see if I don't break all the speed limits." And very soon, with a couple of delighted children in the chair, and the rest scuttling along behind, Jinks rushed away in a regular storm of laughter.

Tim gazed sullenly after them, feeling in a worse humour than before. The knowledge that it was

all his own fault he was left behind, and that he might have been the centre of all that fun and laughter, did not tend to sweeten his temper as he sauntered moodily round the lake and presently found himself at the deserted end. Suddenly he heard a volley of sharp, squeaky barks, and saw little Speck, Phyllis's own Pom puppy, tearing madly over the ice towards him with a glove in his mouth, hotly pursued by May, the youngest girl.

"Come back, Speck," gasped the child breathlessly. "Oh, do stop him, Tim!"

"Go away, May," shouted Tim sternly; "I'll see to Speck. Go back at once."

May made a great effort to check her headlong speed, and that very effort was the cause of the accident Tim hoped to prevent. For the treacherous

round to help him as much as he could with his one arm, still shouting hoarsely for help at intervals.

"Steady, steady, Master Tim!" said the old man warningly. "It don't do to hurry these things—only smash the ice up worse. Now, then." And making a great effort, the two managed to lower the ladder on to the ice and slide it safely forward till the end reached to the hole.

They had just succeeded in doing this when Jinks rushed upon them like a whirlwind, sat down, tore off skates and boots, and with scarcely an unnecessary word ran like a cat along to the end of the ladder, when he lay down full length, and slipping his feet under a rung, braced himself to meet a great strain.

It was at that moment that Tim caught sight of May's white face appearing at the edge of the hole.



ice, that only just bore her flying feet, gave way at once beneath her when she paused, and with a pitiful shriek she was plunged into the icy water.

Shouting loudly for help, Tim rushed down the bank with the wild idea of jumping in to rescue her; but realizing in time how useless he would be with his arm in a sling, he redoubled his shouts, keeping his eye all the time on the spot where May had disappeared.

Would help never come? Jinks and the others were still at the far end of the lake; but at last, after what seemed ages to anxious Tim, he heard an answering shout, and looking up, saw Jones, the old gardener, clambering down the bank as fast as his stiff joints would let him, carrying a long ladder that was always kept by the lake side in case of accident. Tim hurried

He shouted to Jinks, and saw him stretching out his arm towards her as far as he dared. Could he reach her? Once, twice he tried, and the third time he seemed as if he nearly overbalanced; but he recovered himself, and Tim, who had hurried round to the side facing the hole, could see that he had got a firm grip of May, had drawn her towards him, and now was straining every nerve to pull her right out. But it was plain that this was a task that was beyond his strength, and that the utmost he could do was to hold the head of the unconscious child above the water. It was easy, however, to see that he was fast growing exhausted. The weight of the little girl, with all her winter clothing dripping and sodden, was very considerable, and the intense cold was fast numbing his arm. In the distance a couple of men

could be seen running at top speed over the rough grass, carrying a rope. But would they get there in time? Suddenly Tim, who was watching in an agony of suspense, sang out,—

"Well played, Jinks. Stick it out, boy, stick it out!"

That was what he had called out once before, when the whole success of a match depended on whether Jinks could pull himself together enough to score just the one more run necessary to win. It had acted before. Would it do so now?

Yes; it did. The sound of his chum's inspiring words acted as a spur to Jinks's flagging strength, and enabled him, in spite of the grinding pain on his stiffened arm, to hold out just the few minutes longer. Then one of the men crawled up behind him and threw a rope over May's head, and Jinks had just enough strength left to see that it was properly adjusted. Then, when she had been drawn out safely, he rolled like a log into the water and disappeared.

It was at this critical moment that Arnold tore down to the lake, meeting a man carrying May's unconscious form in his arms, and finding Tim pointing frantically to the spot where he had seen Jinks go down. In a moment Arnold kicked off his boots and plunged into the lake, and in a few minutes had found Jinks and brought him safe to land.

Some hours later Tim was pacing up and down the billiard-room, stopping every now and then as if to listen for some sound, and then going on with his weary tramp again. At last the door opened and Arnold, looking very much exhausted, came in. Tim stood still and looked at him in silence, as if he dared not ask the question that was on his lips.

"May's doing very well," said Arnold hurriedly; "the doctor's quite satisfied with her."

"And Jinks?"

"He's breathing now, and the doctor thinks he will pull through; but it's been an awfully near thing."

Tim said nothing, but leaning against the mantel-piece, covered his face with his uninjured hand and sobbed. His sleepless night, and all he had gone through that day, ending with the awful suspense of the hours when all efforts to bring Jinks back to life seemed hopeless, had been too much for him.

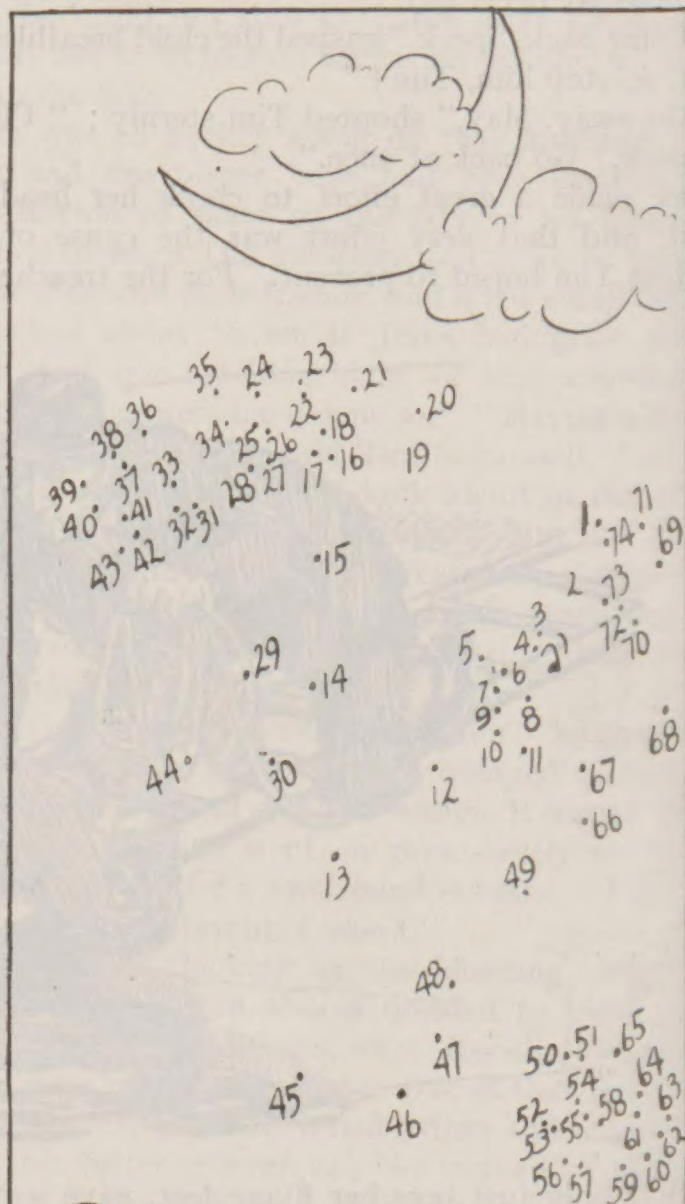
"I've—I've been an awful beast to him," said Tim suddenly. "I thought he was a funk."

"You mean because he couldn't cross the viaduct," said Arnold. "Yes; he told me all about that. He was awfully cut up, poor chap—talked about being disgraced for life, and a lot of piffle. But, of course, I told him not to be a silly ass; no one can help not having a good head for heights. Why, one of the finest sportsmen I know at the 'Varsity turns

giddy if he goes up a ladder! Don't take it to heart so, young 'un. Only remember another time not to get your knife into any one unless you're jolly well sure they deserve it."

"I won't—indeed I won't," said Tim fervently.

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE



THE IN THE MOON
CAME TUMBLING DOWN
AND ASKED HIS WAY TO NORWICH
HE WENT BY THE SOUTH
AND BURNT HIS MOUTH,
WITH SUPPING HOT PEASE-PORRIDGE

Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

Toys made from Scraps

PART I.—CLOWN NINEPINS MADE FROM GAS-MANTLE BOXES

DURING the next few months you will be planning how to make your pocket-money buy all the presents you want to give at Christmas, and even

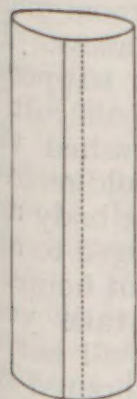


FIG. 1.
CYLINDER COVERED WITH
WHITE PAPER.

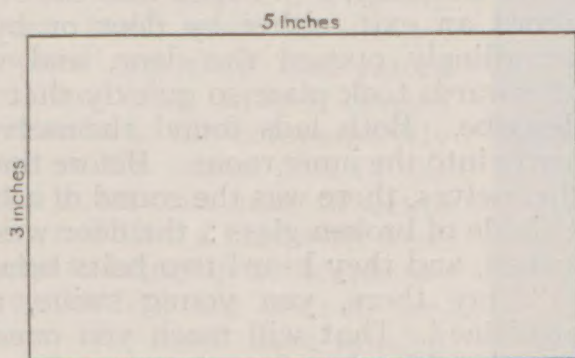


FIG. 2.
SHEET OF TISSUE PAPER FOR
THE CAP.

when Christmas is over there are birthday and other presents to be thought of, so why not eke out your pennies by making as many as possible yourself, out of all sorts of oddments which are usually thrown away, such as match boxes, nut shells, cotton reels, etc.



FIG. 3.
CYLINDER WITH
TISSUE PAPER
"CAP" FIXED
AND TIED, AND
CLOWN'S FACE
DRAWN.

For a present for a tiny boy or girl, I should suggest a set of ninepins made out of long gas-mantle boxes. They may be rather difficult to collect in your own home, but by asking your friends to give you theirs, you will soon have gathered the requisite nine.

Having removed the top and bottom lids, scratch away the printed paper on the box or cover it neatly with notepaper or drawing-paper (Fig. 1).

The next job is much more interesting. For this you will need nine pieces of coloured tissue or other soft paper. Try to get as many colours as you can, and cut each carefully into an oblong shape 5 inches by 3 inches (Fig. 2), and paste it neatly and carefully round the top of the box. When quite dry, its top edge is gathered and tied up to form a cap (Fig. 3).

Now comes the jolliest part of the work, for on the cylinders themselves you must draw the funniest faces you can think of, as different as possible from one another: some with eyes and eyebrows at a sharp angle like a Chinaman's, others with level eyebrows and the pupil of the eye low in the socket, others with high arched brows and the pupil well up; in fact, any and every way imaginable. The mouths, too, must be varied: some, little round "rosebuds," others wide and grinning, and others drooping down sulkily. There is no end to the "changes you can ring" in drawing these faces (Fig. 4).

If you are giving them to a small friend living near you, you will be able to show them how to play; otherwise you will have to write and explain.

The nine "jolly clowns" are stood up just like ordinary ninepins; the tiny player then throws a soft ball at them, trying to knock down as many as possible; but if several bigger children are playing they would take it in turns to knock the clowns down, keeping a careful score, so that the one who, at the end of the game, has knocked down most "men," is the winner.

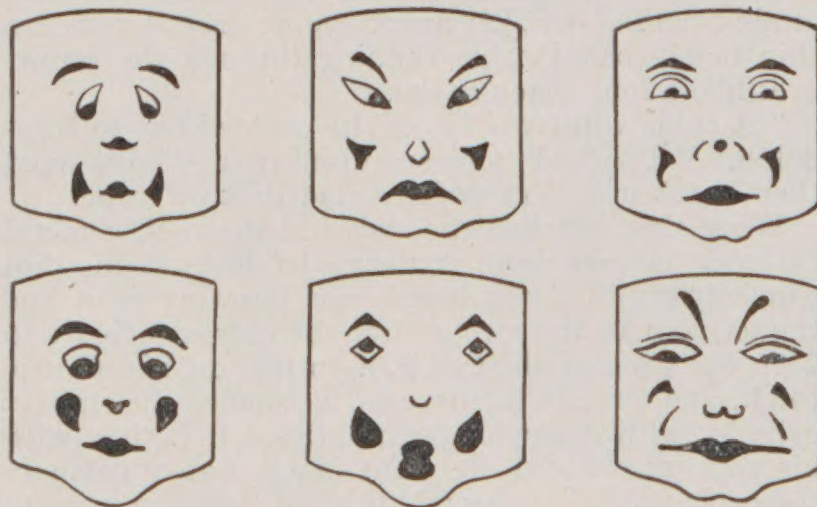


FIG. 4.—SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLOWNS FACES.

It adds to the fun if each clown is nicknamed, for as they fall, the cry will come "There goes Chinaman," "Poor old Sulky," and so on.

If you practise drawing the faces on scraps of paper first, so that you really get some funny ones, I know that this present will give lots of fun to the lucky little recipient.

For the other toys that I shall tell you how to make during the next few months, you will need nut-shells, cotton reels, small feathers (the thin ones that sometimes work their way out of pillows) and matchboxes, so that I advise you to collect these whenever you get the chance.

* * *

Little Girl (finishing her description of the Battle of Cressy). "And ever since then the Prince of Wales has been born with feathers!"

P.J.

THE SECRET SERVICE BOY

BY LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

EPISODE V (*Concluded*)

ON his return to the "Swan" he found Miss Whitbread up and convalescent. He informed her of his discovery of the canal tunnel, with its possibilities, but said nothing about the part he and Randolph proposed playing.

"Hammond arrives to-morrow at noon at Pulborough with his men, and I shall meet him, and drive out straight to the Hardham brickfields," said Miss Whitbread. "The royal train passes Pulborough at 6.10 p.m."

"And when you get to the tunnel, I shouldn't be surprised if you find that Randolph and I have pulled off the whole job on our own," reflected Mr. Davenant to himself with considerable satisfaction.

Next morning the canoe again arrived at the entrance to the tunnel, and two youths, wearing a minimum of clothing, lowered their craft into the muddy depths. P.J.'s quick eye at once detected a thin black-coated cable running through the screw-eyes like a long black snake.

"A cable with two wires," he pointed out to Randolph. "I shouldn't be surprised if they have fixed their bomb up. I'm awfully glad that we came."

When they reached the staple in the roof, a metal cylinder hanging from it gleamed faintly in the dim candlelight. A brisk wind was blowing into the tunnel, and in the strong draught it was difficult to keep the candles alight. P.J. turned on his electric torch, and they both surveyed in silence the sinister cylinder with its awful possibilities. P.J. then with his nippers severed the thin black-coated cable in three places, being careful to leave sufficient wire to give a "pull" if it were tested.

"How about having a look at those sheds, Randolph? They're certain to fire the bomb from there, because they can see the trains coming."

The canoe was hauled up again; but though both lads noticed that a second canoe lay on the grass, the excitement of the chase was so strong on them that they threw prudence to the winds. The black line of cable led straight up to the hut; but the door, instead of being locked as it was the day before, now stood wide open. No one was in sight, and they entered the hut.

"Look at that!" cried P.J. in great excitement, the scientific side of him coming uppermost. "Two potash bichromate batteries, an induction coil, and a telegraph transmitting key. Hot stuff indeed! What an awful lot of chemicals they've got!"

At that moment a man with a red moustache appeared in the doorway. He stood there blocking up the door, looking with great apparent amusement at the two scantily clad youths plastered with mud, and dripping with water.

"Have you had an accident?" he inquired with a smile, in perfect English. "I see that you are looking at my little workshop. I am an artist, but I am also the inventor of a new process for reproducing water-colours by electricity." P.J. noticed that he pronounced "process" as "proccess" in the German fashion. "Would you care to see the machine at work? All the interesting things are in the other room, though. Would you please open that door?"

As it was impossible to pass him whilst he stood in the doorway, P.J. hoped that the other room might afford an exit, either by door or by window. He accordingly opened the door, and what happened afterwards took place so quickly that it is difficult to describe. Both lads found themselves pushed violently into the inner room. Before they could recover themselves, there was the sound of a falling body and a tinkle of broken glass; the door was banged to and locked, and they heard two bolts being shot home.

"Stay there, you young swine, and take your medicine! That will teach you once for all not to meddle with what doesn't concern you," shouted the man with the red moustache, in very different tones to those he had previously employed.

They then heard the outer door slam, and footsteps passing outside the wall of the room in which they were confined. Some one gave a low whistle, which was immediately answered. There was a murmur of voices, more footsteps, and then silence.

P.J. took a quick glance round the room which had become their prison. It was a square room lined with varnished match-boarding; it had no windows, but received its light from a skylight. Its sole furniture consisted of a stout kitchen table and two solid-looking Windsor chairs, whilst on one side some coarse brown blankets and two frowsy-looking cushions formed an uninviting couch. Looking round the room again he noticed for the first time something that sent a cold shiver down his spine. A thick green gas was issuing from the broken glass, and was gathering in volume over the floor. It was already beginning to send up little spirals of yellowish-green vapour; it had a peculiar, choking smell.

"Good heavens! it's chlorine gas! Quick, Randolph, get up on the table; pull your sweater up and put it over your mouth and nose. Be quick, man; be quick!"

Randolph clambered up on to the table as P.J. got his first whiff of the deadly gas. The room spun round; he choked and gasped for breath, as his lungs stabbed him with a sickening pain. He too climbed on to the table, which now stood as an island in a sea of curling, writhing spirals of the death-dealing vapour. P.J. looked at the skylight, now their one chance of salvation. It was a fixture, not made to open, and was protected on the outer side with wire netting. The gas was still rising, rising; any action must be very prompt, unless they were both to die like poisoned rats. A Windsor chair set on the table might reach the skylight, but how was he, with his bare hands, to force that skylight open? A sudden inspiration flashed on him. He might force it with his shoulders if they were protected by the blankets

from the bed, but he must be very quick, for the gas was still rising, and death-dealing little spirals were creeping up the angles of the walls. It was fortunate for P.J. and his companion that amongst the rows of gleaming cups in his bedroom at Beechfield there were three inscribed "For Diving," for, to win those cups, he had sedulously practised diving at Stonebridge, and had trained himself to remain a long time under water.

He called out. "Keep where you are, Randolph!" and then, holding his breath as though he were under water, he jumped into the gas, seized one chair and placed it on the table, clambering on to it himself to take a few breaths in the comparatively pure atmosphere of the upper part of the room. He dived down once more to secure the second chair, and after a brief rest, went down a third time to bring up the blankets.

This last time he had not been as fortunate as before. He must have inhaled some of the gas, for a sudden excruciating pain shot through his lungs, seeming to stop the very action of the heart, whilst an uncontrollable wave of nausea made the room spin dizzily round.

"I . . . must . . . keep . . . hold . . . of . . . myself . . . I must . . . I must . . ." he kept saying to himself, and, mounting on to one of the chairs with the blankets over his head, he got his shoulders against the woodwork of the skylight, keeping his head low down. He strained every muscle till the veins in his temples throbbed, but still the skylight stood fast, and the deadly spirals of yellow vapour were creeping up and were very near him.

Young Randolph gave a sudden gasp and a sharp cry. "Oh! I think I'm going to die," he moaned. "I'm going to die."

P.J. made one more effort, and strained every muscle of his shoulders till the blood pressure became almost unendurable. The sound of rending woodwork put fresh heart into him, and he put every ounce of his strength into a final upward push. The frame of the skylight, rotted by exposure to the rain and the weather, suddenly yielded. There was a sound of splintering wood and of breaking glass, and the entire skylight gave way, and crashed on to the iron roof. P.J. gulped down the fresh air greedily, till recalled to himself by a piteous moan from his companion. Randolph's face was ghastly—he was deadly pale; his eyes were shut, and his features were twitching convulsively, whilst the sweat poured from his forehead.

"Get on that chair quick, Randolph, and put your head into the open air."

Randolph was too dazed to understand, and he reeled as though intoxicated. He made no effort to mount the chair. P.J. jumped down on to the table, regardless of the fact that he was now in the

danger-zone, and half-lifted, half-pushed the other on to the chair.

"Put your head out, Randolph—into the open air. Now you've got to get out at that skylight. You've got to, I tell you."

Randolph made a feeble effort to climb up, but in his half-dazed condition he could not get his muscles to respond.



"I . . . can't," he moaned. "It's . . . no . . . good. . . . You . . . get . . . out . . . yourself . . . and . . . never . . . mind . . . me. . . . I'm . . . going . . . to . . . die . . . anyhow. . . . I . . . know . . . it. . . . You . . . leave . . . me."

"I'll be hanged if I do," cried P.J. "Either we both get out, or we both stay here. You *can* get out, and you *shall* get out, and I'll make you get out."

They were standing on the two chairs with their heads through the aperture where the skylight had been. P.J. got his left arm round Randolph's waist

to steady him, and with his right hand placed the half-unconscious lad's hands on the frame of the skylight.

"Don't keep your eyes shut like that; you just look what you are doing," said P.J., with intentional sharpness. "Catch hold of that frame and pull yourself up."

Randolph grasped the frame feebly, but seemed to have no strength left. "I . . . can't . . . do . . . it . . . Do . . . leave . . . me . . . alone . . . I know . . . that . . . I'm . . . going . . . to . . . die . . . It . . . can't . . . be . . . helped."

"Will you stop talking that awful rot?" cried P.J. roughly. "I'm going to make you climb out, even if I have to hit you, and I shall hit you hard, Randolph, if I do it at all. Take hold of that frame again, and don't let go. Look out!" and P.J. half-lifted Randolph till he had got his chest on to the frame of the skylight. "Now I am going to shove your legs up. Be ready."

It was fortunate for both lads that Randolph was so spare and lightly built, for otherwise P.J.'s strength would have proved unequal to the task of lifting him. With one great effort he pushed Randolph's legs through the opening, and heard him collapse limply on to the corrugated-iron roof outside.

The writhing yellow spirals were now, however, circling round P.J. Although his head was in the open air, that air was already polluted with the gas from below. Everything whirled round him for a moment, and he was on the point of losing consciousness. To his dismay he found that his muscles would no longer obey him. He fought desperately against the deadly nausea that overwhelmed him, quite realizing that, were he to fall off the chair, no power on earth could save him.

"Randolph!" he gasped . . . "can . . . you . . . hear . . . me? . . . It's . . . got . . . me . . . now . . . Catch . . . hold . . . of . . . my . . . wrists . . . and . . . pull . . . pull . . . for . . . all . . . you're . . . worth . . . or . . . I . . . am . . . a . . . goner."

Randolph, who had partially revived in the pure air, had the sense to place both his feet against the wooden coaming of the skylight before grasping P.J.'s outstretched wrists. With the leverage this gave him, he was able to pull his companion through the skylight by throwing his body back. P.J. lay motionless, with closed eyes, on the iron roof, as the world spun madly round him, and then certain symptoms exhibited themselves in each of the sufferers, on which it is unnecessary to enlarge, for they are familiar enough to those crossing the Channel on a rough day.

"We had better get down on to the ground, Randolph," gasped a very pallid P.J. "We shall feel better with the wind blowing on us;" and slowly and painfully they wriggled themselves down the iron roof, and dropped to the ground. They staggered feebly round the hut until they met the full force of the strong East wind, and then lay, absolutely exhausted, against the iron wall of the shed.

"This is better. I feel nearly well again," announced P.J. "Oh! Randolph, wasn't it quite awful in that room?"

Randolph, who had had a far larger dose of the

poison than P.J., shuddered, but gave no answer, as he lay back deadly pale, with closed eyes.

"You must have thought me an awful brute speaking to you like that, Randolph, but I had to. I thought that you were going to faint, and then we were done. I believe that I can stand up now. I must see what's going on in the tunnel."

P.J. walked with uncertain steps to the edge of the canal-cut, and dipped his head into the water two or three times. This and the cold wind blowing on him revived him so much that he almost felt himself again. He noticed that both canoes were gone, and then he walked to the mouth of the tunnel and listened. Distinct sounds of hammering were audible. P.J. pulled himself together, and walked back on hesitating feet to the open door of the hut. He felt in his pocket for his wire-nippers, and severed the thin black cable twice, once close to the transmitting-key, and again five yards farther on. Something he had seen in the hut induced him to return there, after he had put the cable out of action. In an open locker there lay a box lined with shavings, amongst which reposed seven glass receptacles, not unlike large electric bulbs in appearance, but filled with a dirty-green liquid. P.J. gave a little exclamation.

"So these are their gas bombs!" he cried. "I think it must be chlorine gas liquefied under pressure. I know that from the laboratory at Stonebridge. Tit for tat is a good rule—so here goes!"

He took the box to the mouth of the tunnel, and listened again. The sounds of hammering were still going on. Now P.J. had been blessed by nature with a remarkably good eye. He measured with his eye the farthest visible spot on the wall of the tunnel for a few seconds, and then hurled one of the glass balls at it. There was the sound of an impact, and the tinkle of broken glass. Mr. Davenant followed this with a second ball, which struck in approximately the same place. This was succeeded by a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth, none of the balls striking very wide of the mark.

"I think that I'll keep the last one for a souvenir," he reflected, and went back to where Randolph, still looking desperately ill, was lying.

"Whatever have you been up to?" he asked feebly.

"I've found the bombs that swab gassed us with. He's in the tunnel now, with some one else, I think, so I let them have it. He only gave us one; I've given them six."

"But you may have killed them both in that tunnel," said Randolph in an awestruck voice.

"Well! That's their look-out. Anyhow, it's done now. They're properly gassed, I tell you. Oh! it's coming on again," and he groaned aloud as the distressing symptoms returned.

"Hallo, Davenant!" cried a cheery voice behind them, as Inspector Hammond appeared. "Have you and your young friend been playing football?" he asked, noting how their stockings and bare legs were caked with mud. "What an odd place to choose! Whatever is the matter with you two boys? You look very ill! Ah! you have been trying to smoke pipes."

"Smoking, indeed!" retorted P.J. indignantly. "We've been gassed, poison-gassed; that's what's the matter with us."

"Gassed here in Sussex?" cried the Inspector incredulously.

"Yes! Gassed here in Sussex in this beastly hut. You needn't worry about the King's train, Mr. Hammond. It passes here at 6.10, doesn't it? That tunnel there runs bang under the main line. The bomb is there right enough, and the men who were going to explode it are in the tunnel as well, but there's some poison-gas in there with them too. Just you look at the mouth of the tunnel."

Thin yellowish-green spirals of vapour could now distinctly be seen issuing from the tunnel. There was no longer the faintest sound of hammering, and the evil-looking wisps of dirty-green gathered in volume as they curled from the entrance in snake-like writhings.

"I don't understand," said Hammond. "How did that gas get there?"

"I chucked it in. You needn't look at me like that. I did it, and I meant to do it. Oh! I feel so ill! Perfectly rotten!"

Little Miss Whitbread came bustling round the corner.

"What is all this I hear about poison-gas?" she asked. "Oh! you poor boys! I'm going to take you both off to a doctor in Mr. Hammond's fly."

"We can't go to a doctor," objected P.J. "It would give the whole show away."

"Rubbish!" cried that determined little lady.

"You can leave all that to me. Do you suppose that doctors do not consider professional secrets as binding on them as priests do? I'll help you both to the fly."

"But we are so filthy dirty," protested P.J. "We shall spoil the cab, and we shall spoil the doctor's house."

"You will be good enough to obey my orders," said this small but peremptory person. "The wind is setting straight into that tunnel, Mr. Hammond," she continued; "you won't be able to get into it for some time. I wonder where it debouches."

"At Coldwaltham, half a mile away," interposed P.J.

"Don't you think it would be a good thing to send three of your men to watch the far end, Mr. Hammond? I must get these poor lads off to the doctor's. Into the fly you get, both of you," she ordered.

They were fortunate enough to find Dr. Maclagan at home, and Miss Whitbread, after making her charges lie down in the waiting-room, had a private interview with him.

Dr. Maclagan came in and examined his patients with great interest. As a neighbour, he recognized Randolph at once as Cyril Randolph from the Red House. After a slight examination he said, "I wish that I knew the composition of this particular gas, Miss Whitbread. Then I should have something to go upon. I was in practice once in a Lancashire town where there were alkali works, and I had several cases of chlorine poisoning there; but this gas may be

anything. It seems so extraordinary to associate gas-poisoning with quiet, peaceful Pulborough!"

"I think that it *was* chlorine," hazarded P.J. "It smelt like it, and I know chlorine from the laboratory at Stonebridge, where I'm at school. There was something else too in it; something that smelt like pine-apples or jargonelle pear drops."

"You are a very observant boy. Thank you. Now I know what to do."

"I've got a gas-bomb here in my pocket, if that would be of any use," said P.J., producing it as he spoke. "I meant to keep it as a souvenir. I forgot all about it, and nearly smashed it in the cab."

"You abominably careless and rash young beggars!" scolded the doctor as he took it. "Fancy carrying a glass ball loose in your pocket with enough stuff in it to poison half a regiment!"

Dr. Maclagan reappeared from his dispensary with two glasses, the contents of which he made his patients swallow. He then came back with an inhaler which he handed to Mr. Davenant.

"No. That chap first. He's much worse than me," said P.J., motioning the inhaler aside.

"Let them have a warm bath, Miss Whitbread, and then keep them in bed. All windows open, and the lightest of milk diets. You had better take this inhaler with you. I'll come round to the 'Swan' this evening. This is a most interesting case."

"If we're to go to bed, Randolph had better have the second bed in my room at the 'Swan'; then we can jaw," suggested P.J., appalled at the prospect of hours of compulsory silence. "Can't you fix up some yarn to tell his mater, Miss Whitbread?"

"Of course," answered that resourceful little lady. "You both got upset whilst canoeing on the river, and got a severe chill. Dr. Maclagan does not wish Cyril moved for the present from the 'Swan.' I will go and see Mrs. Randolph myself."

In due course they were put to bed, after a warm bath, and by that time were so exhausted that they both fell at once into a heavy sleep.

Mrs. Randolph, who had hurried to the hotel at once on hearing of Cyril's "boating" accident, was perpetually in and out of the room, but grew more reassured as the afternoon wore on, and her son awoke again, apparently much as usual except for his extreme pallor.

That evening P.J. was most anxious to see Inspector Hammond, and to hear of his experiences in the tunnel, but Miss Whitbread would not allow it.

"Not a bit of it," she said firmly. "You are going to keep quiet to-night, and you will see no one but me and the doctor. It's time for you to use the inhaler again. Why can't you copy Cyril? Look how little trouble he gives me!"

"That's because he is a lazy dog, and likes being in bed. I don't; I get fed-up with it."

Thanks to the amazing recuperative powers of youth, P.J. awoke next morning almost himself again, and Randolph, though he complained of still "feeling rotten," had a distinct touch of colour in his face, instead of the ghastly pallor of the preceding day.

The doctor professed himself as highly satisfied with the progress of his patients, but ordered them to continue the inhalations.

Miss Whitbread came bustling in after the doctor's departure. "Dr. Maclagan says that you may get up now, Jack, and that you can go back to your ordinary diet," she announced. "Cyril is to remain in bed till this evening, and must keep to milk."

"Randolph is grouching awfully about being on milk diet," cried P.J. "He wants tea and bread and butter, and what *do* you think he calls them, Miss Whitbread? He calls tea 'kiff,' bread 'crugs,' and butter 'flab.' Did you ever hear such outlandish names?"

"I was only telling him," explained Randolph, "that those are our 'Housey' names for them; I mean that those are the words we use for them at Christ's Hospital."

"When I get up," announced Mr. Davenant, "I'm going to shove on your 'Housey things,' as you call them, just to see what they feel like. For goodness' sake, Miss Whitbread, keep Randolph on milk, or he'll be yelling to the maid to bring him kiff, crugs, and flab, and she'd be certain to have a fit, and might never recover again."

Half an hour later, Mr. Davenant, arrayed in the full dress of Christ's Hospital, went downstairs in great glee, with his long blue skirts flapping about his ankles. He found Inspector Hammond alone at luncheon in the dining-room.

"Well, Mr. Hammond," he cried, "you didn't know that I was at the Bluecoat School, did you? Look at my yellow stockings, and at my bands, and my girdle. I'm so awfully keen to hear what you found in that tunnel. Do tell me."

"We were unable to get into it for some hours ourselves, but three half-drowned and half-dead pitiable objects succeeded in wading to the Coldwaltham exit, where they were promptly seized by my men. They are now in the prison infirmary at Chichester, but it is doubtful whether one of them will recover."

"You needn't look at me like that, Mr. Hammond. I know that I did it, but if people will try and blow up royal trains, they can't grouse if they get it in the neck themselves, and I'm not sorry about it one little bit."

"One man is Karl Scheuerlein, *alias* von Alsen, *alias* Bontoux. Another is Emil Breikopf, whom we have long been after."

Motto for October

*"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."*

LONGFELLOW.

Sent in by VICTOR R. MATTHEWS,
130 Clonmore Street, Southfields, S.W. 18,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Plays from History

SUMMARY

[From the introduction of Christianity the land entered upon a period of extension of the Saxon power, troubled from time to time by attacks of "Northmen" or Danes. Not that the Saxon chiefs were altogether at harmony one with the other, for, where some had accepted Christianity, others remained heathen and waged war upon the converts.

Gradually Wessex became the most powerful state in Angleland, for the others—Northumbria, Mercia, and East Anglia—were not only subject to attacks from one another, but also to invasions by the Danes. During the years between 597 A.D. and 871 A.D. a succession of kings passed away, leaving behind them more or less evidence of their work for the good of their adopted country. Edwin subdued the whole of Angleland with the exception of Kent, married a daughter of Ethelbert, and embraced Christianity, later losing his life in a battle with Penda, the heathen king of Mercia. Offa, the King of Mercia in 757 A.D., claimed East Anglia, Essex, and Kent as his own, later constructing a dyke between Wales and England to keep back the Welsh.

Egbert, in 825 A.D., as King of Wessex, conquered Mercia, Kent, Sussex, Essex, and East Anglia. Soon after, with victories gained over Northumbria and Wales, he became the first real ruler of the whole of England.

But it was left to Alfred to make a lasting name in history by his defence of Wessex against the Danes. These people were really kinsfolk of the English, living in Norway and Northern Europe; but having remained heathen, they were consumed with hatred against their Christian relations across the sea. Each spring they made descents upon the coast, burning, robbing, and slaying as they listed. Alfred came to the throne in 871 A.D. as the result of his brother's death in the battle of Ashdown, fought victoriously against the Danes, and from that time forward he used all his energies to overthrow their power. At first defeat followed defeat, and although he made treaty after treaty to keep back the Danes, they were continually violated. In fact, it was almost impossible to make treaties with the Danes as a nation, for it was composed of a number of petty chiefs working independently of one another.

At last Alfred was forced to flee to the Isle of Athelney, and all Wessex fell into the hands of his enemies. But after a few months Alfred once again took the field, and overthrew the Danes at the battles of Ethandun and Chippenham. Guthrum, the Danish chief, was then forced to make peace with Alfred, and the treaty of Wedmore (879 A.D.) settled that all land to the north of Watling Street was to belong to the Danes, under the name of the Danelagh, and the remainder to Alfred, with Alfred as overlord of the whole land.

For twenty-two years Alfred continued his successes, building navies, and even defeating the Danes at sea. He died in the year 901 A.D., leaving behind him a settled, peaceful land.]

PLAY IV.—ALFRED AND THE CAKES

CHARACTERS :

KING ALFRED ; a Woodman ; the Woodman's Wife ;
a Messenger ; Saxon Soldiers.

SCENE I.—A FOREST IN ATHELNEY. TIME 878 A.D.

[Children are scattered about, with arms outstretched and holding in their hands branches of trees, which they wave continually to represent a forest with the trees acted upon by the breeze. Enter ALFRED, dressed in ragged clothing, with drawn sword in his hand. He is moving wearily but watchfully among the trees. At last he seats himself at the foot of one of the trees, and leans back to rest.]

Alfred. Perhaps in these forest lands I shall be secure, for I scarcely think my enemies would follow me into the heart of Athelney. What a plight for a king ! A few short weeks ago a ruler of Wessex, my land stretching from Canterbury to Cornwall, and now I am a fugitive flying from the Danes [rises and looks about him]. Night is coming on, and I must find some sheltered spot for sleep. I am afraid that it will be a hungry man who must find a leafy bed. [He is preparing to lie down when he stops in a listening attitude.] Hark ! those cracking twigs may mean an enemy. I must hide.

He moves quickly behind a tree, and stands ready to fight or flee if necessary. Woodman comes in cautiously with a spear in his hand. He is looking from side to side.

Woodman. I am certain that I heard some one passing through the woods a short time ago. I must go carefully, for I have heard that the Danes are out again. [ALFRED comes out from his hiding-place, and touches the woodman on the arm. The woodman springs back, and turns with spear raised ready to strike. Seeing that ALFRED makes no motion, the woodman lowers his spear.] Who are you, and what do you want ?

Alfred. Am I a stranger to you ? Indeed, I do not know how you could remember me, for, torn and tired as I am, no one would recognize Alfred, your unhappy king.

Woodman. [Falling on his knees] What has happened ? Your majesty, what can I do ? what can I do ? Are the Danes coming ? [He rises and looks about him fearfully.]

Alfred. Do not be afraid, my good man, for I think that I have managed to evade my enemies ; and if I can be hidden away for a short time, I shall be most grateful, for rest I must.

Woodman. My lord, I dare not ask you to enter my poor hut.

Alfred. Your hut would be better than this forest, and I was preparing to sleep when your steps startled me.

Woodman. Come with me then, my king, and my poor hut shall be a shelter to you, and a safe one too, for I would give my life for the "good king, the friend of his people."

[Enter the woodman's wife, shouting his name as she comes. She sees them standing together, and hurries towards them.]

Wife. So this is the way you waste your time [shaking her fist at her husband]. When the work is to be done, you stand gossiping with any worthless fellow you meet.

Woodman. [Holding up his hands] Peace, wife, you do not know to whom you speak.

Alfred steps forward, and catches the man by the arm to whisper to him.

Alfred. Silence, man ! Tell her nothing about me.

Woodman. This poor man has just escaped from the Danes, and seeks shelter with us. He will pay us well !

Wife. [In terror] The Danes ! Where are they ? [catching hold of her husband's arm]. Come at once ; let us get home. [Turning to Alfred] As for you, come home to the fire, man ; you look half dead, and a little food will do you no harm.

[They pass out in the direction of the woodman's hut.]

SCENE II.—THE WOODMAN'S HUT SOME DAYS AFTER

[The children are arranged side by side in the form of a square to represent the four walls of a room, two openings being left for doors. In one corner of the square is the fireplace, over which stands a tripod with an iron pot hanging from it. A stone slab serves as a hearth. Stools are arranged about the walls, and bundles of spears and arrows are lying about the floor, which is covered with rushes. A rough table stands in the middle of the room. ALFRED is seated by the fire mending a bow ; the woodman's wife stands by one of the doors with a vessel of water in her hand.]

Wife. Come, stir the fire, and look to these cakes whilst I fetch some water.

[She goes out. ALFRED puts down the bow, and stoops to arrange the cakes on the hearth.]

Alfred. What a strange pair, and yet they are good-hearted enough. Into how many homes like this have those hated Danes come, and, with fire and sword, dealt death and destruction among the poor peasants. Heaven forbend that a like fate should fall on these good people. [Seats himself once more, and takes up the bow again.] In a few days there may come a change, and once again I shall be king. Then, with the Danes defeated and my people free, I can repay this kindness.

[He places the bow on the floor, puts his head down between his hands, and sits thinking deeply. Soon the woodman's wife enters. She places the vessel she carries on the table, and then walks quietly to the hearth. Seeing that the cakes are spoilt, she strikes ALFRED and knocks him off the stool.]

Wife. What about my cakes, you dreamer ? Cannot you be trusted to do a little thing like that ? [As the king rises, she hits him again, and as he backs towards the door, she follows him, striking him.] Take that ! you lazy good-for-nothing—and that !—and that !

[Whilst she is doing this the woodman enters, followed by a messenger and some Saxon soldiers. He rushes forward to his wife, whilst the others stand staring with astonishment.]

Woodman. Wife ! what are you doing ? Do you know that our guest is Alfred, our king ? On your knees, woman, and beg for mercy.

[The wife falls on her knees, and crawls towards the king, sobbing. Meanwhile ALFRED has turned to the messenger, who salutes him respectfully.]

Alfred. What news do you bring ? [Turning to the woman] My good woman, all is well, and I can understand your anger. I fear that I am as bad a cook as I have proved to be a king.

[The woman rises and goes to her husband, crying.]

Messenger. Not so, your majesty, for your faithful people await you near Ethington ; the army needs but your presence to ensure victory against the Danes.

Alfred. Then I must be going. [Turning to the woodman and his wife, who were standing by the table] I leave you with a grateful heart, and if victory be mine, be sure that your king will not forget his faithful friends at Athelney.

[He goes out followed by the messenger and the soldiers, whilst the woodman and his wife stand at the door watching him as he goes away.]



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



AN old lady was strolling leisurely across a field, when suddenly she realized that a bull, with head lowered, was charging straight at her. Picking up her skirts, she managed to reach the other side of the gate in safety. Then she turned round, indignation on her face.

"You ungrateful creature!" she exclaimed. "Here have I been a vegetarian all my life, and this is what I get for it."

Sent in by GLADYS PLOWMAN,
59 Trentham Street, Southfields,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

"MARIE," said a father to his little daughter, who had just returned from a children's party, "did you have any attention paid you?"

"Oh yes, Dad," answered Marie; "one little boy made faces at me."

Sent in by KATHLEEN BURCHER,
Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.

✦ ✦ ✦

A SCOTSMAN who had lost his wallet had it returned to him by the police three days later, and was asked to examine the contents and see if they were all there.

"Yes, the money's there a' richt, but, mon, ye've had it three days—what about the interest?"

Sent in by ADA WAITES,
12 Newbiggin, Malton, Yorks.

✦ ✦ ✦

YELLS from the nursery brought the mother, who found baby gleefully pulling Bobby's curls.

"Never mind, darling," she comforted. "Baby doesn't know how it hurts."

Half an hour later wild shrieks from the baby made her run again to the nursery.

"Why, Bobby," she cried, "what is the matter with baby?"

"Nothing, mother," said Bobby calmly; "only now he knows."

Sent in by MAY BREWSTER,
Sawmill Cottage, Murraythwaite, Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire.

✦ ✦ ✦

"SIR," exclaimed the injured man, "you stuck your umbrella in my eye!"

"Oh no, sir," replied the genial idiot, "I assure you, you are quite mistaken."

"Mistaken!" screamed the other, dancing with pain. "I tell you, I know when my eye is hurt!"

"Doubtless you do, sir, but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one yesterday!"

Sent in by KATHARINE K. McELDERRY,
Ardgriana, Galway, Ireland.

Teacher. "How many of my scholars can remember the longest sentence they have read?"

Bright Pupil. "Imprisonment for life."

✦ ✦ ✦

"THE most forgiving animal in the Zoo, I believe, is the giraffe."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, my dear, he overlooks everything."

✦ ✦ ✦

Mother. "Why, Peggy, whatever has happened?"

Peggy. "Oh, m-mummie, you know those eggs you sent me to buy? Well, do you m-mind if we have them scrambled, be-because I've dropped them all on the pavement."

Sent in by DOROTHY WINGFIELD,
Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.

✦ ✦ ✦

Teacher. "One from two leaves——?"

Johnnie. "I don't know, miss."

Teacher. "Well, here are two oranges. Suppose I say to Willie, 'You may have one of these.' Now, what would be left?"

Johnnie. "The littlest one!"

Sent in by BERNARD EASTERBROOK,
119 Elborough Street, Southfields.

✦ ✦ ✦

Two Highlanders in London for the first time were amazed at the street traffic.

While they were standing awe-struck on the pavement a water-cart passed spraying the dusty streets.

"Hey, mon!" yelled Donald, running after the water-cart. "Ye're losin' your water."

"Come back, ye old fool," said his friend. "D'ye ken that's tae keep the bairns frae sittin' on the back o' the cart."

Sent in by THOMAS WILLIAMS,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✦ ✦ ✦

A CLASS of boys had been studying physiology, and one day the master told them to write a composition on "The Spine." Among the many papers sent in was the following: "The spine is a bunch of bones that runs up and down the back and holds the ribs; the skull sits on one end, and I sit on the other."

✦ ✦ ✦

A TOURIST in Scotland, who took refuge for the night in the cottage of an old lady, asked her to wake him early in the morning. He warned her that he was quite deaf, and hoped that she would not disturb the other guests by any loud noises.

Upon awakening much later than the appointed time he found that the old lady had placed under his door a slip of paper on which was written, "Sir, it's hauf-past eight. Ye'd better get up."

Sent in by MARGARET NEWBURN,
Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



Pinkity's Pranks

ONCE upon a time there lived a naughty little pixie called Pinkity. He was for ever up to mischief, and teased every one he met.

"Now, what shall I do to-day?" thought Pinkity, as he sat in a may bush and swung his legs. "I know, I'll get my little watering-can and water all the people who walk in the wood!"

He flew to get it, and filled it with water. Then he perched himself up in his tree again and waited.

Presently along came Dwarf Yellow Buttons, carrying his lovely new mackintosh, and walked just underneath Pinkity's tree.

Splish-splash! splish-splash!

Down went the water from Pinkity's can, all over Dwarf Yellow Buttons!

"Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed Dwarf Yellow Buttons, hastily putting on his mackintosh. "Whoever would have thought it would rain so soon."

Pinkity laughed and laughed to see Yellow Buttons running off into the sunshine with his mackintosh on!

Presently came the Lord High Chancellor of Fairyland, talking earnestly with the Prince of Dreamland.

Splish-splash! splish-splash!

Down came the water over them!

"Why, bless me!" cried the Chancellor, hurriedly putting up a large red umbrella. "Fancy it raining like this! I hope you're not wet, your Highness."

"Yes, I am," said the Prince; "and I don't believe it's rain, I believe it's some trick. See, the sun is shining yonder!"

Then the Chancellor heard Pinkity laughing, and he looked up into the may bush.

"You bad, mischievous little pixie!" he cried, in a great rage. "I'll catch you and take you to the King."

But Pinkity flew off in a great hurry, and was soon lost to sight. He was just a bit frightened, and for a little while he was quite good.

He wandered over the fields, and suddenly saw some one lying down fast asleep, and snoring, by the hedge.

He crept up to look.

"It's Old Togs the Tailor!" he said to himself, in great delight. "I'll borrow his big scissors for a little while."

So Pinkity took the tailor's scissors, and flew off with them, looking for something to cut and snip.

Now in the next field were a lot of fairy sheep with their little lambs.

"Hullo!" said Pinkity, flying up to them; "look what I've got! Old Togs the Tailor's scissors!"

"Oh, Pinkity, *do* cut off our heavy tails!" begged the lambs, crowding round him. "They're so hot, and they bang against our legs so."

"But you're not supposed to have them cut off till next month," said Pinkity, longing to snip them off.

"Never mind! Cut them off *now*! Oh do, Pinkity, dear, dear Pinkity," begged the lambs.

"All right, I'd love to!" answered the naughty little pixie. "Come here, Long-legs, I'll do you first!"

Little Long-legs frisked up, and snip! snip! went the big scissors.

"There," said Pinkity, "I've cut your tail off. Do you feel cooler?"

"Oh yes, yes," said the lamb, skipping away in delight. "That's *much* better!"

"Come along, Frisky, let me do yours," laughed Pinkity, waving his big scissors.

One by one each of the little lambs came up to Pinkity, and had its long, heavy tail cut off. Soon the grass was covered with little tails, and Pinkity's arm began to ache.

"There!" he said, as he cut off the very last one. "There! That's all! Now I'll give Togs the Tailor his scissors back."

Pinkity flew off and put the big scissors down by Togs the Tailor, who was still asleep, and then made friends with two bumble bees, who gave him a good feast of honey for his dinner.

Soon he heard a great noise, and flew into the fields to see what it was.

He saw the Lord High Chancellor of Fairyland in the fields, shaking Togs the Tailor angrily and scolding him.

"What do you mean by cutting off the lambs' tails?" he roared. "Don't you know they are never cut until next month? How dare you?"

"I didn't, your Highness, I didn't!" wept poor Old Togs, the tears running down his cheeks. "I wouldn't do such a thing, really and truly I wouldn't!"

Pinkity felt very upset. He knew he had done something naughty, and he wasn't very sorry about it; but he couldn't bear to see poor Old Togs punished for something he hadn't done.

He flew straight down into the field, and knelt before the astonished Lord Chancellor.

"Please, your Highness," he cried, "don't punish Togs. I took his scissors whilst he was asleep, and cut the lambs' tails off."

The Chancellor let Togs go and stared at Pinkity.

"Oho!" he said. "You're the pixie who poured water on us this morning! Come here and be spanked!"

He spanked Pinkity hard, and then looked at him.

"Although you're naughty," he said, "I am pleased that you came and owned up when I was scolding Togs for something

you had done. I shan't punish you for cutting off the lambs' tails, but I shall see that you always have work to do now, instead of flying about all day and playing tricks."

"Let him clear up all these lambs' tails," said Togs the Tailor.

"Yes, I will. Go and hang them on the hazel-nut trees, Pinkity. They want cheering up a bit. And mind, if you play any more tricks, I'll spank you again! Now, off you go!"

Off went naughty little Pinkity, carrying an armful of lambs' tails. He hung them on the hazel-nut twigs, and very pretty they looked too, all shaking in the wind.

Pinkity is still sometimes naughty, but he's so busy, especially in springtime, that he doesn't find time for *many* tricks.

And if you look on the hazel trees you will find the little lambs' tails hanging there, and if your eyes are extra sharp you *might* see Pinkity flying from twig to twig, watching them shake and wiggle in the wind, just as they did when they grew on the little fairy lambs!

+ + +

Two small London boys were examining the mummies at a museum for the first time. One of them, being puzzled by the labels denoting the age of the contents, stopped before an exhibit marked "B.C. 1500."

"I wonder what these figures mean," he said.

"Don't you know?" replied his friend. "Why, that's the number of the car that ran over him!"

Teacher (reading) :—

"Let down your sable shade of night,
And hide this sad world from my sight."

"That's poetry. How would you express the same idea in prose? Well, Johnny?"

Johnny. "Pull down the blind."

Father (at dinner). "This salad tastes very funny. I wonder what's the matter with it?"

Mother. "You'd better ask Johnnie about it; he asked to be allowed to make it."

Father. "I think perhaps Johnnie forgot to wash the lettuce."

Johnnie (indignantly). "Indeed I didn't; I washed it thoroughly with soap."

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than October 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for October

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Which would you rather be—a boy or a girl? Give your reasons.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a bookshelf containing books, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

THREADING THE MAZE

On this page you will find a picture of a maze. Can you find the shortest way to the centre? If so, mark it on the drawing in coloured ink or chalk, and send it to the Editress. If you do not wish to cut up your paper, make a tracing of the maze on a sheet of paper, and indicate the shortest route as before.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Suppose that your sister or your brother has just been married. Write to a friend telling him or her all about the wedding.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a dog, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

JUMBLED FRUITS

Each of the four series of letters given below contains the names of three hidden fruits. When you

have found out what they are, make a list of them and make a little outline drawing of each.

1. aaeeiocchpprrt.
2. aaeeobbglmnprr.
3. aaeeooglmmnnntt.
4. aaeeubchlmnprry.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress telling her about the games you most enjoy.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

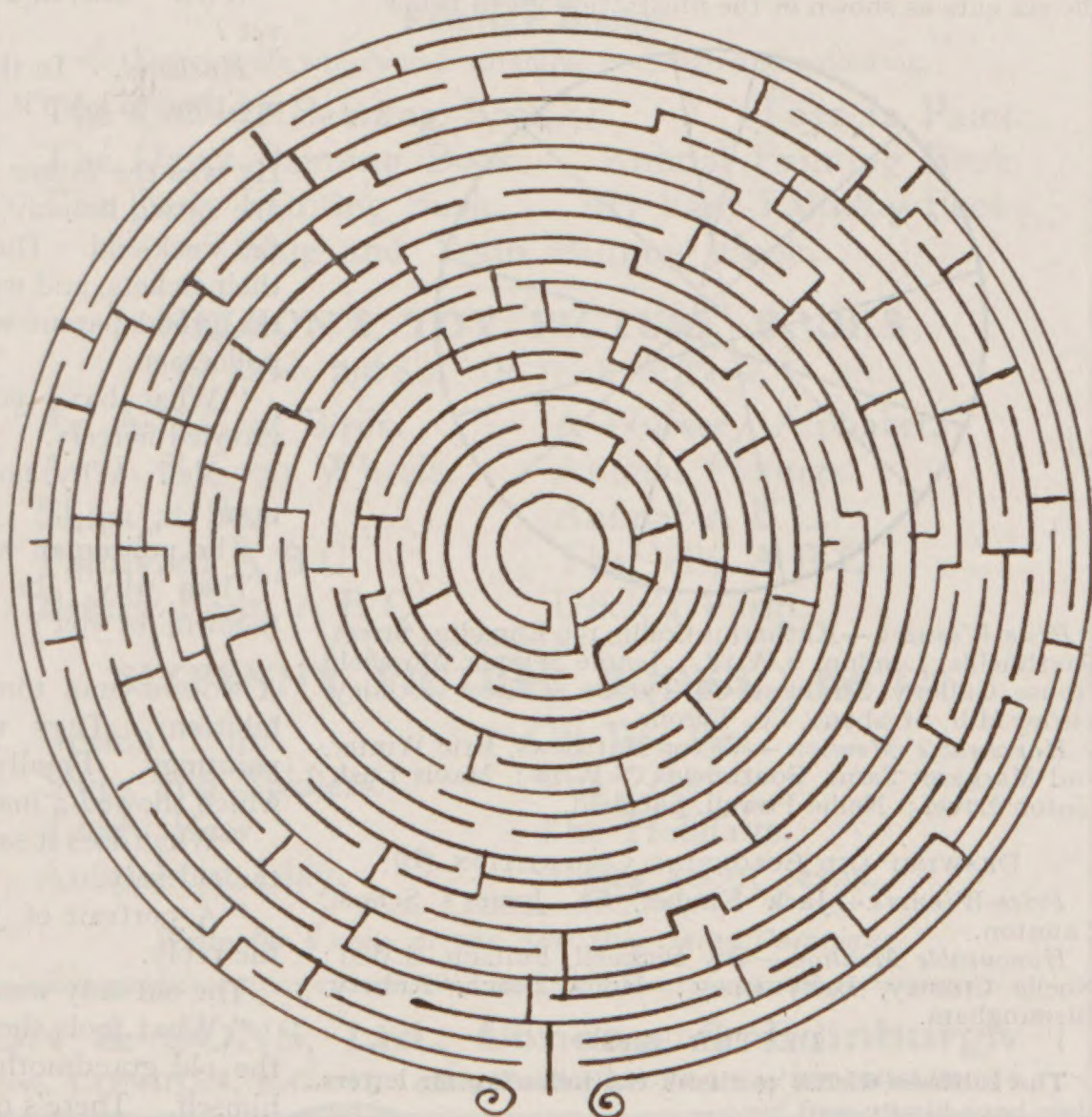
Make a drawing of a basket of apples, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken,

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.



Prize List for August

THREADING THE MAZE

Prize-Winners.—Clifford Ritzema, 23 May Street, South Shields. Betty Badon, Mornington House, The Green, Matlock. Jack Bentley, 1a Whitegate Drive, Blackpool. Cuan Coulter, Rath Cuan, Downpatrick.

Honourable Mention.—Marjorie Lipscombe, Manor Park, E.12; Jennie Semple, Strabane; Sara Foreman, Lisburn; Walter M'Cracken, Newtownards; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Nina Addison, Lisburn; Hilda Youens, Southfields, S.W.18; Edith Foot, Dorchester; Ina Ireland, Saintfield, Co. Down; Ian Anderson Alexander, Redhill, Surrey; David Wright, Dublin; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Gladys Plowman, Southfields; Max Raillard, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Pauline Stammers, Lowestoft; Sheila Morris, Preston.

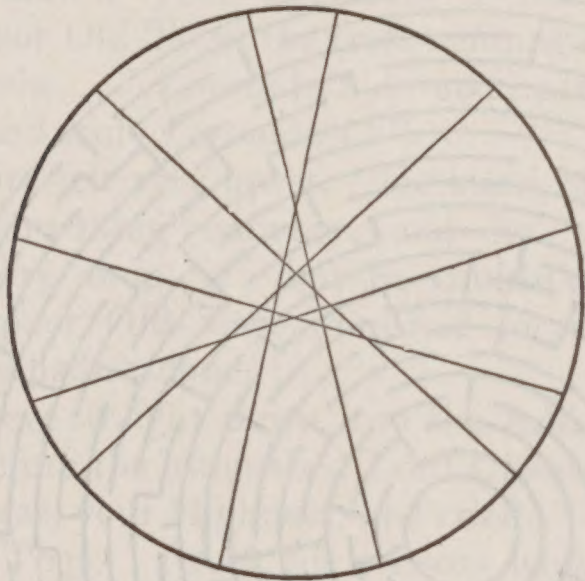
DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—William Sidney Richards, St. James's School, Taunton, Somerset. John Brennan, 26 Mill Brae, Larne. R. Greenwood, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Ernest Mottershead, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Arthur Howard Rivers, St. James's School, Taunton.

THE POTATO PUZZLE

As many as twenty-two pieces may be obtained by the six cuts as shown in the illustration given below.



Prize-Winners.—Katharine Collin, 109 Engadine Street, Southfields, London, S.W.18. Jennie Semple, Mossfield House, Gallony, Strabane, Co. Tyrone. Violet Gormley, Curley Hill, Strabane, Co. Tyrone.

Honourable Mention.—Victor Matthews, Eric Winter, and Margaret Sams, Southfields, S.W.18; Mavis Lush, Upton Lovel; Nellie Powell, Sheffield.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Jack Kimber, St. James's School, Taunton.

Honourable Mention.—Ivy Bicknell, Fulham, S.W.6; Noelle Cromey, Ballymoney; Hilda Beach, Rubery, Birmingham.

LETTER BAG

The Editress wishes to thank the following for letters they have kindly sent her :—

HILDA BEACH.—I think the competitions this month are the kind you like, and I hope you and your school friends will enter for some of them.

ELLIE H. COULTER.—I am very interested to hear of your Girls' Auxiliary, and hope it will be just as successful this winter as last.

EDNA GILLESPIE.—Your letters are always most welcome. I hope your friend Flora Spurling will reach Australia safely, and be happy in her new home. You ask if you may send more than one motto for each month, and the answer is "Yes."

MAY HODGES.—I hope that before long you will see your name in the Prize List; but, of course, there are such a number of competitors, it makes it difficult to get a prize. I think our readers will enjoy trying your "tongue-twister." Here it is :—

She sells sea shells on the seashore;
The shells she sells are sea shells, I'm sure;
So if she sells seashore shells on the seashore,
Then I'm sure she sells seashore shells.

JACK WOODCOCK.—The "Robert the Bruce" spirit is admirable, and I hope to see some of your efforts before long.

✦ ✦ ✦

WIFE, who was very ill in bed, asked her husband to make her a nice brown loaf for her tea. Her husband went out and bought one pound of brown flour and half a pound of yeast. He went home and commenced to mix the brown loaf. Half an hour later—

Wife. "Haven't you got that loaf in the oven yet?"

Husband. "In the oven! Why, it is taking me all my time to keep it in the kitchen."

He was the father of fourteen children. He agreed, one spring holiday, to take them to the seashore for the week-end. They set off, reached the station, got their tickets, and were about to board the train, when the proud parent was touched on the shoulder by a policeman.

"What have you been doin'?" the policeman growled fiercely.

"Me? Why, nothing!" stammered the surprised man.

The policeman waved his arm toward the family. "Then why," he asked, "is this here crowd a followin' of you?"

A YOUNG man took his grandmother to an art exhibition. They wandered about looking at the paintings. Finally, they stopped before a portrait which showed a man sitting on a high-backed chair.

"What does it say on that card on the wall?" said the old lady.

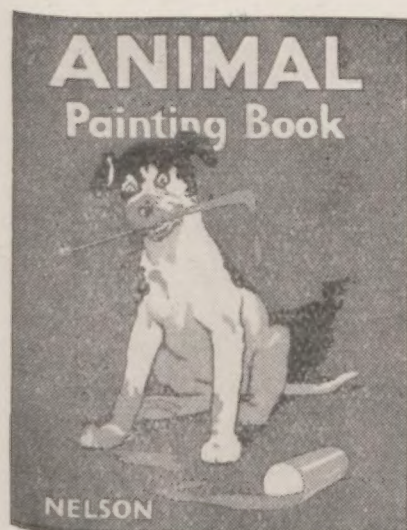
"A portrait of J. F. Robinson, by himself," was the reply.

The old lady went closer to the picture.

"What fools these art people must be," muttered the old grandmother. "Anybody can see he is by himself. There's nobody else in the picture."



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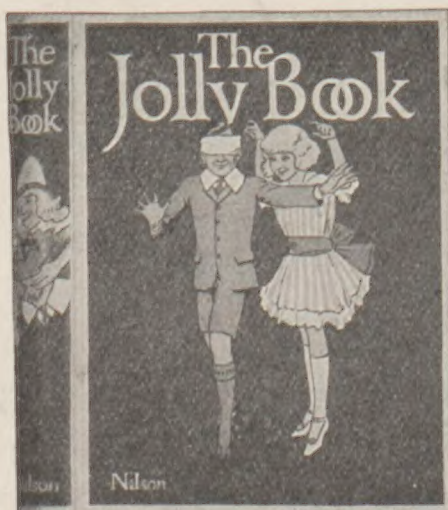
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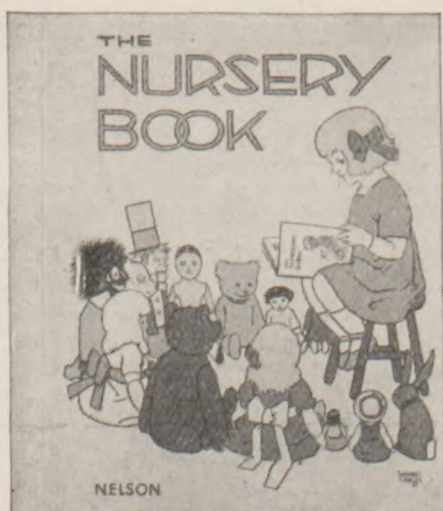
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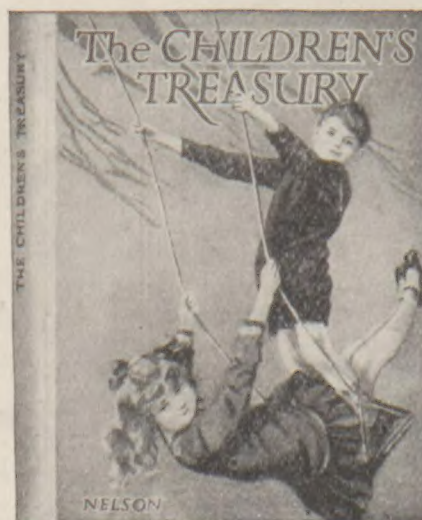
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CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

[Oct.

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Name.....

Address.....

.....Age last Birthday.....